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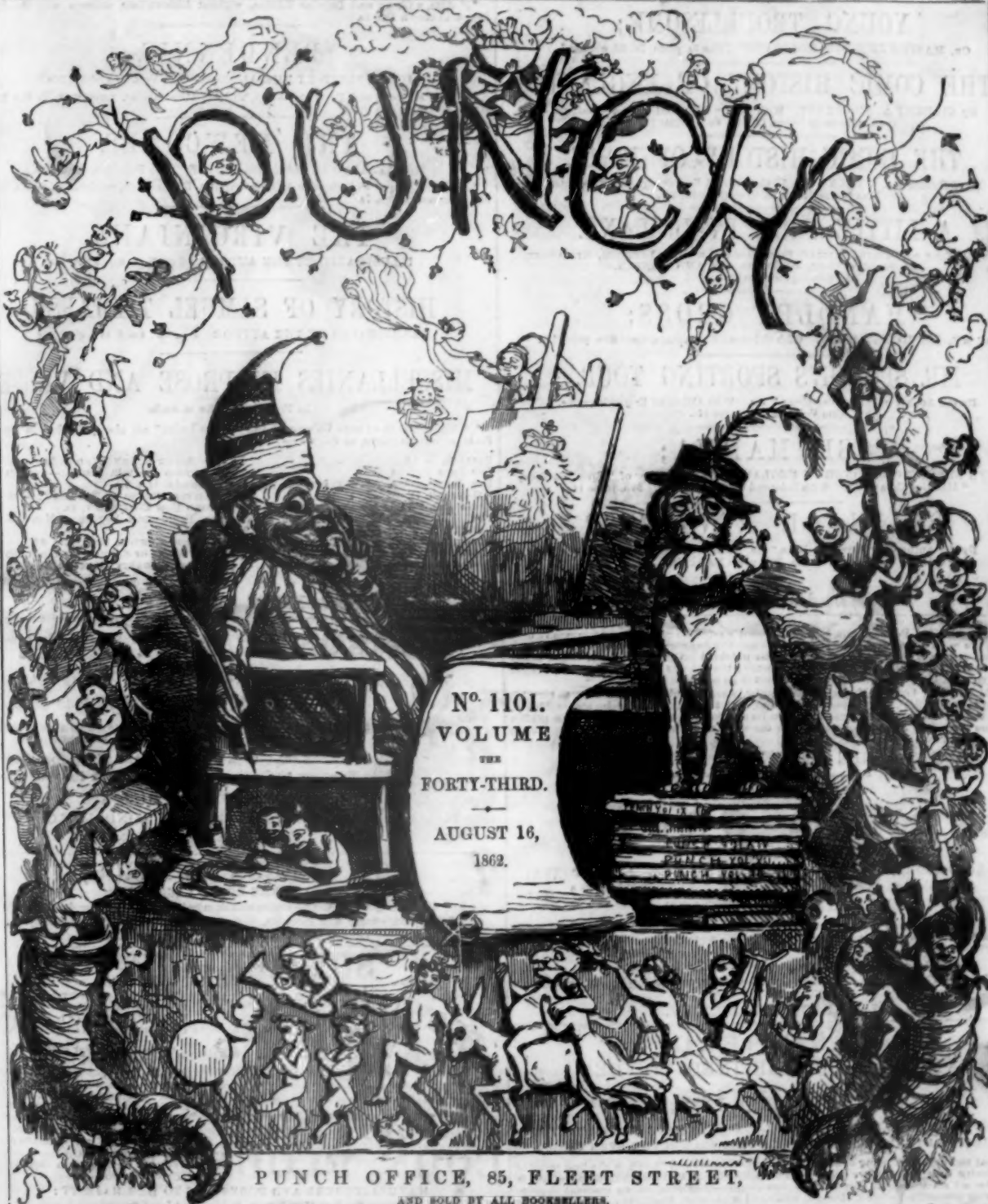
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OBLIGING RAILWAY OFFICIAL. "Any Luggage, Miss?"

LADY. "No. I was waiting for a party who were to have come by this train."

O. R. O. "A Party, Miss. Ah! let me see (confidentially) with Whiskers?"

PAM AT SHEFFIELD.

LORD PALMERSTON, the Indomitable (if the Cabmen will pardon us for using a word that has given them so much offence), scarcely waited for the doors of Parliament to be closed when off he rattled to Sheffield, to dine with Mr. JOHN BROWN, the excellent Mayor of the City of Knives. There was a splendid banquet at the Cutlers' Hall, and the Members for Sheffield, the Aldermen, numbers of Mayors, and others of the elite of Yorkshire were present. The *Morning Star* says, "His Lordship entered freely into conversation with the gentlemen present, and was in excellent mood for cracking jokes, many of which were provocative of much laughter." The *Star*, perhaps undesirous to say more than was necessary in honour of Mr. COBDEN's friend, the PREMIER, unkindly suppresses the jokes in question, but Mr. PUNCH, who is impartial, and would cheerfully record an epigram by Mr. HADFIELD or Mr. COX, if either gentlemen could make one, begs to supply the omission.

LORD PALMERSTON, having entered the reception room, and made a general bow to all present, shook hands with each gentleman who was presented, and made a facetious observation in each case. "Ah, Mr. SHERIFF TWENTYMAN," said his Lordship, "you here. Glad to see you, FORTYMAN, and how's Mrs. SIXTYMAN. (Laughter.) You came from the West Indies, I think? Not from Hayti, though, or else, FORTYMAN, you'd be an EIGHTYMAN, eh? (Roars of Laughter.) ALDERMAN GIBBON, how are you? When shall you give us a new edition of your *Decline and Fall*? (Much merriment.) Mr. HADFIELD, delighted, I'm sure. How are your poor aitches? (Shouts.) By the way, I'm going to say in my speech that you and ROEBUCK are thoroughly English in your sentiments, but mind, ADFIELD, I don't recognise your aspirations as Henglish, old fellow. (Sensation.) You dissent from that remark, eh? Well, you're a right to, as you are a Dissenter. (Laughter and applause.) Why don't you go to church? Church won't go to you, you know. Mr. ROEBUCK, I am charmed to see you looking so well, and bow's the EMPEROR OF AUSTRIA? (Sensation.) What are his feelings on the Hungary question?—mine are that I wish our friend JOHN BROWN's dinner was ready. MR. ALDERMAN MATTHEWS, how do you do? I am delighted to come and see you at home, MATHEWS. Home was always delightful. (Vehement applause.) Here we are in

Hallamshire, and it's a good deal pleasanter than reading HALLAM's books. (Laughter.) Got a good dinner for us, MR. MAYOR, but I need not ask, Sheffield's the place for a man to play a good knife and fork, and to get 'em too, eh? (Applause.) Cut and come again, that's your motto, and I shall be happy to cut to-night, cut away in the morning, and come again whenever you like to ask me. (Cheers.) I had a good mind to bring GLADSTONE with me, but he has trotted off to Flint—to study how to skin flints, I suppose, as becomes a CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER (sensation), else he would have made you a good speech, I am no orator as GLADDY is, but then I've got a sweeter temper, as our friend COBDEN would admit if he were here. (Cheers.) Nothing like a good temper; but that I need not say to gentlemen in the steel line. (Loud applause.) I say, MR. MAYOR, punctuality is the soul of digestion—think the soot's come down the kitchen chimney, eh? (Laughter.) Any of you look at that playbill of the ROYAL Dinner, four guineas a-head, potato cakes and iced water? I didn't think much of the menu, and I should like to know what my old friend POZZO DI BORGO would have said to turtle-soup and punch, when you were going in for high art in cookery. I'm told Mr. MONEY rehearsed the *entrées* five times, which I call noble devotion—have you rehearsed your *entrées*, MR. MAYOR—he would have made you go it. MONEY would have made the Mayor go. (Roars of Laughter.) Going to have ladies? Not at the table, eh?—that's a shame. Don't like sending gals to the gallery. (Great Laughter.) I like to see them at table, Venus and Bacchus, you know, to speak classically; besides, they shut up the bores so awfully, no fellow likes to think that the women are laughing at him. And your Sheffield ladies are so highly ornamental; it's a shame of you, MR. MAYOR, and I shall tell them so. (Applause.) No dinner, yet? You are celebrated for your Sheffield wittles (shouts of laughter), and I want to see them. ADFIELD, do you think there'll be an aitch-bone on the table? Ha! ha! Here we are; here comes Calves to say all's ready. ROEBUCK, move that the House adjourn, and set the example. After you, MR. JOHN BROWN; after you, MR. MAYOR." The noble lord then joined the procession to the banquet-room, singing gaily as he went.

"JOHN BROWN's dinner's smoking on the board,
So we'll all go marching along."

OMNIBUSES THAT KNOW HOW TO CONDUCT THEMSELVES.

It is not often that we have it in our power to say a good word in favour of Manchester, but we are bound to confess that it has sent us a very good omnibus, which has already gone far a-head in public estimation of the miserably managed vehicles, that have so long been a disgrace to the metropolis. Not only is this pattern omnibus roomy, clean, and comfortable, but it is also more rapid than its dilatory competitors, that are so imperfect in all their paces, that they may be said to be completely behind the age. We wish that Cottonopolis would only increase the obligation. Having sent us a model omnibus, would it also go out of its way to send up to London a real Patent Safety Cab? We mean a cab that one could ride in comfortably and in perfect safety against being abused or imposed upon. There is an immense opening in our streets for an improvement of the latter description, and the introduction would materially relieve our police magistrates of a very great portion of their labours. Repeatedly fined as our cabmen have lately been, the old scholastic precept of "*Respice Finem*," does not seem to have had the slightest effect upon them, excepting when that end happens to be the confiscation of their badges. If Manchester will only confer this boon upon us, we will promise never to say another word against the Manchester School again. On the contrary, we will be at all times ready to maintain, and, if necessary, to prove that there is no better school in the world for producing a firm-handed, clear-sighted, cautious, steady set of men, in whose hands the reins of government can be placed on all occasions with the greatest confidence, not less with regard to the public advancement and well-being than the general improvement of our ways.

Punch's Telegrams.

A PORTION of some such as the following telegrams will appear in the Morning papers one of these days.

"Paris, April 1.

"A mare's nest has been discovered at Messina.

"The Archimandrite and his clergy walked in procession to the spot.

"All the eggs were addled.

"The Podestà received an ovation."



A FRIENDLY INTERFERENCE.

OBLIGING FRENCHMAN TO OBADIAH. "*Pardonnez-moi, M^osieur! It has arrived to your Collar to stick him up.*"

A ROTHSCHILD IN THE PRIZE RING.

To live like a fighting cock is an expression not yet obsolete; but when one wishes to describe a luxurious existence, assuredly ere long the best comparison will be to say that Mr. So-and-so is living like a prize-fighter. What continents of venison and what oceans of champagne may be afforded for the diet of a pugilistic champion, may be seen by this announcement in the *Sporting Life*:—

"TOM SAYERS'S 200 MEN AND HORSES' FAREWELL FOR A TIME TO HIS TRUE BRITISH SOIL.—TOM SAYERS's company and horses are engaged, together with the veteran agent, to visit Australia. The great English boxer and his troupe, consisting of 160 men, sixty horses, and two elephants, go to Australia. The ship *Alexandria*, 1,500 tons burden, will convey the mighty hero and suite to the land of novelty September 6, 1862, at the termination of the Exhibition. MR. SAYERS is engaged at the sum of £25,000 for twelve months, exclusive of the voyage each way in the ship *Alexandria*. Therefore, under these circumstances, he will for a time bid farewell to the land he loves, wishing to return with the laurels of a far distant soil emblazoned on his breast, which will add to the comfort of his declining years, surrounded by the affluence he so richly deserves, as one who has upheld the letter the honour and bravery of his dear native land."

Five and eighty thousand pounds is no bad sum to pocket for a single year's engagement, and we heartily congratulate the worthy MR. SAYERS on the prospect of good living which appears to be before him. Even if he have not saved a penny out of all the money he has pocketed by sparring and by starring in "the provinces," he may now look forward to returning from Australia with ample means for his indulgence in every kind of luxury, from the costliest of claret to the tiniest of terriers, and the gorgeouset of garments that ever have been sported by a swell of the Prize Ring. We only trust that MR. SAYERS will abstain from living "not wisely but too well:" for people blest with sudden affluence have been known to get the gout, and whatever be his skill in the art of self-defence, MR. SAYERS should remember that in most cases the gout is an awkward sort of customer, and when it gives a knock-down blow no science can avail against it.

But while we congratulate him upon his good fortune, we really think the "mighty hero" might have managed to announce it with more modesty of language than he has cared to use. We don't so much object to his parading to the world his tremendous *amor patriæ*, or to his bragging of the affluence which (in his opinion) he "so richly deserves," and which he anticipates will certainly surround him when he returns to settle in his dear native land. But inasmuch as MR. SAYERS is merely hired to show himself and his horses in Australia, and as he is to go in quite a peaceful way, without the least idea of being called upon to fight, we don't

exactly see what laurels he can win there, and we are therefore slightly puzzled to know why such things should be "emblazoned on his breast." If the possession of some laurels of Antipodean growth would really "add to the comfort of his declining years," we should advise MR. SAYERS to challenge the Antipodean champion (if there be one), or at any rate to hunt up some one who will fight him, so that he may come home with another triumph added to those he has already gained. Unless he does so, his laurels, if we ever chance to see them, will be of very little value in our eyes: indeed we shall be tempted to regard them as mere greens, to which the term of "cabbage" might appear not inappropriate.

AN UNFAIR QUESTION.

To any man this question put,
If you would touch him near,
And tempt his irritable foot:
How much have you a-year?
If self-control restrain his ire,
His thumb he will apply
Unto his nose, and you desire
To catechise his eye.

There's nothing that a Briton true
More hates than to confess,
Required or ordered so to do,
Or driven by dures.
'Tis this that makes him Priest and Popr,
So cordially detest,
Because they want to search and grope
The depths within his breast.

No power on Earth can force JOHN BULL
His conscience to expose,
But rather he his sins would tell,
Than his affairs disclose,
His income would you ascertain,
Its sum why he should show
Good cause indeed you must explain
That he may let you know.

Then if you want him to declare
His annual revenue,
Taxation's load that it may share
In measure just and due;
You may expect, with many a sigh,
With many a grunt and groan,
With growl and grin and faces wry
The truth at last will own.

But if your tax, like Schedule D,
Be partial and unjust,
Then may you calculate that he
Will tell you—what he must.
And you, if more you'd have him say,
With thumb-screws and with racks
Must wring it out, to make him pay
Unequal Income-Tax.

Then wonder you that his returns
Thereeto should be so small?
His cheek with shame, suppose you, burns?
He blushes not at all.
Would you the full amount extract
Of his precarious pelf?
Then ask him not for ground of fact
Whereon to cheat himself.

The Danger of Joking with One's Wife.

MR. DOVE, seeing on a Masonic Lodge's emblazoned charter, the well-known motto, "*Audi, Fidi, Tace*," recommended it hopefully to his wife for her future adoption; but the dear creature did not see it; on the contrary, in a loud and voluble strain that lasted for at least half an hour, she proceeded to call upon MR. DOVE to translate those dark insidious words; and furthermore she insisted in a tone of authority that seemed to inspire more fear than respect, upon being instantly informed as to what was MR. DOVE's little meaning in expressing a hope that she should adopt any gibberish like that as her own. Up to the hour of our going to press, the dispute was still pending.



SKETCH ON THE SEA COAST DURING THE GALE.

Lord D-andre-ry (to his Brother). "A-A-A, I THAT, THAM! WATHEE A DITHEPLAY OF FIGGER—EH!"

REVIEW OF THE SEASON.

Most of the newspapers, as soon as Parliament closes, give a review of the Season. As little has been done this year, the summary on this occasion has been far from a lively one. In the fashionable world, the result has been very different. We are enabled, from favoured sources, to give a titled Lady's review of what has been going on:—

"The present Season has been a most severe, a highly fatiguing one. It is impossible almost to enumerate the many calls we have had upon our time by friends from the country, and foreigners from the Continent, as well as from the innumerable exhibitions that have been open.

"The consequence has been, that no lady who owes anything to Society has scarcely had a moment to herself that she could fairly call her own.

"The International Show has monopolised a great deal of our time, which it is to be hoped has been profitably and instructively spent, especially the many delicious hours we have passed in the Jewellery Department. It would be a source of great regret, after inspecting with ever-increasing delight the varied intellectual stores of MESSRS. EMANUEL, HUNT AND ROSKELL, STORR AND MORTIMER, and others of not less dazzling fame, if ladies, generally so impressionable to such inspiring scenes, have not carried away with them many happy reminiscences of them upon which their memories as well as their eyes will not fail to dwell hereafter with a fond gratification that will brighten their recollection of the memorable season of 1862, with a lustre such as shall never fade. These treasures ought to be for ever hoarded up with jealous care in the valued jewel-box of memory.

"The two Operas have monopolised most of the evenings that we have not been able to devote to dinner parties, and conversaziones, and fêtes of a more sociable nature. To PATTI and TITIENS, to MARIO, and not less beloved GRUGLI—our thanks are most gratefully due. Their melodious voices, as they ring thrillingly again in the ears of our recollection, should stimulate us to cultivate our own during the quiet pauses of the recess, when Fashion, kindly allowing its most ardent votaries to retire to the country, gives them breathing time to recover from their fatigues.

"The Handel Festival, as well as the Piping Bullfinch, must have given unqualified gratification to all who had the least ear for music.

"A word of compliment must be paid to the PASHA OF EGYPT for honouring the present Season with his presence, and more, especially for the delightful fête he gave us on board his yacht, though it is to be regretted that his suite had not the good taste to defer their smoking until after the ladies had retired.

"It would be ill becoming in this review, dedicated essentially as it is to pleasure, to say anything disparaging the Japanese Ambassadors; but, still, as they never did anything for the gratification of Fashion, beyond occasionally showing themselves in public, it would be gross flattery to launch into any phrases approaching ever so remotely to encomium in their favour. They never gave a single entertainment whilst they were here, and the presents they brought with them were of that shabby description that no *revendeuse de toilettes* would have soiled her hands by accepting them.

"As ladies generally are not noted for the strictest powers of arithmetic, it would be idle to attempt here to give an accurate list of the innumerable balls, soirées, matinées, and théa dansantes, or otherwise, and kettledrums that those, whose lips are allowed to come in contact with *la crème de la crème*, have participated in this Season. The annals of that admirable *Moniteur de la Mode*, the *Morning Post*, will amply supply the deficiency, and those who are curious on this interesting subject, are referred to that impartial magazine of fashion.

"Pleasure (it has been admirably remarked by MADAME DE STAËL, who probably did not understand much about it), exciting as it may be at the moment, is invariably enervating in the end. It is a kind of milliner's bill, of which we enjoy the delightful products at the time being, but for which we must pay the full price as soon as the brightness has faded. The Season is now over. It has been more than an usually laborious one. The consequence is that our brightness has (there is no shame in making a confession that is apparent on the mere face of the thing) somewhat faded. It would be advisable, therefore, that we should endeavour to pay a visit to that real MADAME RACHEL, that only true restorer of woman's lovely complexion—Dame Nature. Consequently, after the fatigues that have heroically been undergone this Season, a trip to the sea-shore, or to a charming country seat, or to Spa, or Ems, or Baden-Baden, would be about the best thing that one could do."

MRS. ENGLAND AND HER FLAT IRONS.



HEN Vulcan forged the bolts of Jove, he never dreamt of being commissioned to make flat irons for Neptune. The waves, however, which Britannia so long ruled with a slender ferule, like that by which authority in a Dame School is upheld, now laugh at their ancient governess. To control their buoyant spirit a *Monitor* cast in a different mould is wanted now America takes in mangling, and shows how cleverly, not for profit or honour, but for mere enjoyment, she can iron her own flags.

For many years, in fact ever since ELIZABETH was

born, MRS. ENGLAND has been a professed smotherer of the seas. By the hand of her energetic servant NELSON (late of the "Trafalgar") every crease in the Mediterranean—every rumple of the Nile—was systematically removed. In his time, however, the business was carried on with wooden rollers or tubs. Then, admirals affected different colours—now they are all in the blues. STERNE, speaking of an ideal captive, says, he saw the "iron enter his soul"—the same painful operation is undergone daily by every timber-loving commodore. We should

scarcely be surprised if cocked hats and epaulettes were superseded by leathern aprons and gloves, *en rigueur*. The sweet little cherub that sits up aloft will, we suppose, have an anvil instead of a button for his perch, and what our national colours will be, amid those ferruginous surroundings, we shudder to imagine—before they are washed. The sailor who always gets on queerly on horseback will make wry faces when there is nothing left for him to mount but a screw. The Hardy Norseman whose house of yore was on the stormy sea, if he could behold a *Merrimac*, would certainly admit he never had so hard a nut to crack; and we question even whether a Viking, if he came across such a marine monster, could help winking with astonishment. In lieu of cutlass, JACK we fancy will be armed with spike and sledge-hammer, and instead of hauling down the bunting in token of defeat, the proper plan (for an enemy) will be to loosen a rivet, and present our victorious captains with a plate.

When the Board of Admiralty has become an ironing board, hostile squadrons will necessarily be rubbed out like wrinkles. Foreign laundresses on amicable terms with MRS. ENGLAND, and who are in the habit of borrowing a cup of gunpowder from her canister, may then find it convenient to employ her heating apparatus, instead of keeping up enormous fires of their own. In support of this view MRS. ENGLAND and MISS FRANCE it will be remembered, did all the ironing for a Sick Man at the Golden Horn in 1854-5, and refer with pardonable pride to the Turkey, which entirely through their occupation, was rescued from the paws of a Great Bear. Complaints have sometimes been made of MRS. ENGLAND's heavy charges, but not even her bitterest opponents will deny that she has her peculiar talent for "polishing off" has always given them satisfaction.

WHY was "College Pudding" so called?—From the fact of its being *Eton*.

PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

MONDAY August 4th. The Lords, who had a special sitting on the previous Saturday, to read the Distress Bill a Second Time, suspended all rules, hastened it through Committee, and passed it to-day, some of them complaining that Government had been tardy in bringing forward the measure.

LORD CAMPBELL, of STRATHEDEN, made a speech in favour of a recognition of the Southern Confederacy, but the Lords considered that the subject should be left in the hands of the Government, and EARL RUSSELL expressed his obligations for that mark of confidence.

The Commons had a short meeting, and as at the St. Stephen's Club it is the custom to discuss everything, the case of the lady to whom Ireland gives and Scotland denies the name of MRS. MAJOR YELVERTON was brought up, and MR. WHITESIDE made a speech in the interest of his late client. SIR ROUNDELL PALMER admitted the absurdity of having three systems of marriage law, and wished the English system adopted throughout the three kingdoms, but gave no pledge to attempt legislation. MR. PUNCH is unable to understand why a civil contract should not be required in all cases—that is to say, a registration before a civil officer—and then the subsequent ceremony might be left to the feelings of the parties, who might please themselves with the graceful splendour of a Catholic marriage, the solemn ritual of England, the drawing-room benediction of Scotland, or the gymnastic performance across the emblem of household cleanliness. He certainly thinks that people ought to know whether they are married or not, although he admits that doubts on the subject are exceptional, and that the housekeeping books exhibit a series of certificates which are perfectly convincing to most men.

Both Houses rose until

Thursday. When in the Commons the ATTORNEY-GENERAL (a Dissembler) had to defend the BISHOP OF OXFORD for his order for a Silent Prayer for the restoration of peace in America, SIR WILLIAM said that "it was to be presumed that the Bishop had not issued the order unadvisedly," and one's defender could hardly say much less for one. MR. NEWDEGATE takes up the Church Rate question, and introduces a Bill for the settlement thereof. MR. OSBORNE once more tried to burst the ARMSTRONGS, but SIR GEORGE LEWIS stood to his guns. LORD PALMERSTON said that he and LORD SHAFFESBURY had not yet filled up the place of the late Primate of Ireland—MR. PUNCH, and a good many other good men, would like to hear, not that those Lords had filled up a trench, but that a TRENCH—ha! ha! do you apprehend us, SHAFFESBURY?

MR. S. FITZGERALD called LORD PALMERSTON's attention to the fact that the Northern States were using to the utmost, not to say

abusing their blockade rights as belligerents. They blockaded British ports. The PREMIER replied to the effect that there was no case for interference, and was understood to mean that we would hold our tongues, so long as we could do so honourably, and let the North go as far as we could possibly permit, not entirely without reference to English interests, inasmuch as what is just now sauce for the Southern goose may hereafter become sauce for the saucy Northern gander. The Session was over.

Eh! PUNCH had nearly forgotten the Speech from the Throne. What luck that he should have just remembered it in time, but then he is always lucky. To be sure, there was not much to recollect. This was what LORD WESTBURY had to say:—

Obliged by your attendance and attention.
Everything pleasant with Foreign Powers.
Yankees still at it—we shall not interfere.
Conference to sit upon Turkish difficulties.
Must smash the Taepings.
Valuable treaty with KING LEOPOLD.
Much obliged for money and Fortifications.
Exceedingly obliged to the Volunteers.
Pleased to see so many foreign visitors.
Got an Anti-Slave Trade Treaty with MR. LINCOLN.
Glad something has been done for Education.
Very sorry for manufacturing distress.
Useful Conveyancing Reform.
Useful Act for Parochial Assessments.
Useful Act about Highways.
Useful Acts about Irish Weights and Poor.
Useful Merchant Shipping Act.
Behave yourselves well at home.
Usual prayer.

You are Prorogued till Friday, 24th October:

With your sentimentalibus lachryms roar 'em,
And pathos and bathos delightful to you,
Which the good MR. PUNCH (who confesses they bore him)
Has done with, thank Fate, for the year LXII.

A Hero who Fights for a Penny.

LEAVE has been graciously granted to CAPTAIN GARNHAM, who fought so valiantly for his umbrella at Brompton the other day, to change his name. In consequence of that memorable exploit, he is allowed to call himself CAPTAIN GINGHAM.

MARINE ASSURANCE.



FROM *Vera Cruz* a naval Correspondent forwards us the following, extracted, as he tells us, from a transatlantic print:—

MATRIMONIAL.
A YOUNG NAVAL OFFICER, of excellent family and associations, is desirous of entering into a correspondence with some young lady in a similar position, with a view to a nearer and dearer acquaintance hereafter, the lady must be pretty, and possessing a good education, and blessed with a gentle and loving disposition. Address—U. S. S. Minnesota, Hampton Roads, Va. Irish or German aristocracy need not apply.

Pretty and well educated, disposed to gentleness and love, surely these good qualities should satisfy a man, if found united in a lady of good family and "excellent associations," whatever they may be. There is a smack of over-nicety in this young officer's exclusion of the

titled girls belonging to Germany and Ireland from the extraordinary privilege of being blessed with his handwriting, and then possibly his hand. A pretty, gentle, loving girl, born of a good family and educated well, is not a person to be sneered at because she happens to belong to the Irish aristocracy, or to claim relation to some German prince or lord. A young officer in the navy of the Northern United States, whatever be his merits, can hardly be so great a catch that he need fear to be besieged by so many pretty loving girls of noble birth, as to render it desirable to exclude at least two countries from competing for his hand. We hear a good deal nowadays about marine assurance, and if this advertisement be taken as a sample of it, there is very clearly no lack of assurance in the navy of New York.

MORE YANKEE SLANG.

ONE serious evil resulting from the abominable Civil War still raging in America, is its tendency to corrupt the English language. Despatches written by Northern generals are published in English newspapers, and almost all of them contain disgusting Yankeeisms, which are copied by many British journalists who ought to know better. Some new solecism is continually turning up in these illiterate compositions, and, being adopted and repeated in other writings of the same description, soon becomes current Yankee coin, as base as shipplasters or cardboard-stamps, which must not be suffered to pass in this country with sterling English. Some of these counterfeiters have been already nailed to our counter, and we must now affix one more.

The last new mintage of American vocabulary smashers is the verb "to claim," used as signifying to allege, assert, or maintain. Such an officer, for instance, is said to claim that he has taken so many guns and prisoners. To pretend that he has taken them is what might naturally be supposed to be meant; because "to claim" is to "demand of right," to "require authoritatively;" and when it is said that a man claims to have done something, and especially something that is improbable, what seems to be implied is that he demands credit for his statement to that effect, which is doubted.

In a sort of Prospectus of a "General Basis of the Society of the Lyceum Church of Spiritualists, Boston, U.S.A.," occurs the following sentence:—

"The members of this Society claim that the soul of man is immortal."

The ludicrous misuse of the word "claim," above instanced, may serve as an example, which gregarious, imitative, and unthinking writers, who are too apt to contract vulgar and villainous idioms, are hereby implored to avoid.

They Stoop to Conquer.

PEACEMONGERS at any price, may say what ill-natured things they please against the Rifle Shooting Association, but at all events they cannot accuse the Members of passing altogether "an aimless existence."

FRET-WORK (by a Female Architect).—Tears.

THE MANIFEST DESTINY OF THE YANKEES.

JONATHAN.—'Tis now some while since I've heard anything, from your Yankee statesmen and stump-orators, about the manifest destiny of the United States. The destiny of your Model Republic, your go-ahead people, the freest and most enlightened nation on the globe, which seemed manifest to those eloquent and impassioned patriots, was that of extending over the whole American continent by the annexation (the wise called it) of your neighbours' territories. The manifest destiny of the cup, friend JONATHAN, is sometimes too confidently presumed to be reaching the lip; but, as a pre-Tupperite philosopher has remarked, a casualty frequently occurs between the one and the other, so as to prevent the vessel from reaching its destination.

The Model Republic, that was to chew up Creation, and swallow the universe like an infinite Python, or the Great American Sea-Serpent, is severed in twain, and of its two writhing pieces, each, become an individual snake, is now writhing and struggling, with all the might of its coils, to crush and chew up the other. The manifest destiny of both North and South is to "spill much more blood," and become "wus" as you pronounce the word, and spend much more money; and one destiny which apparently if not manifestly awaits you is national bankruptcy, and the consequent necessity of caving in.

The ultimate destiny manifest to mankind at large as that which is reserved for you Yankees is not that of going where all good niggers go. I am sorry to inform you that the general opinion is that the applauders of GENERAL BUTLER will go where they will meet NANA SAHIB. On such a subject, however, I will not be so presumptuous as to talk like *Mammon* and the POPE. But I may and must say, friend JONATHAN, to judge by the way in which you are going on, that, as regards this world, at any rate, your manifest destiny, a destiny in evident course of accomplishment, is that of descending to the very lowest place. It has for some time been said that, in form and features, your people are approaching the Red Indian type, and I now find you exulting in the worst brutality of Sepoys, whilst you also emulate their malignant ferocity, in howling for British blood, and whooping over British distress, manifestly burning to glut your bloodthirst upon this country, by way of return for our petting and pampering you, humouring your whims and extravagance, treating you with the utmost kindness and forbearance, and making you every possible concession.

Thus, JONATHAN, you see, you are sinking from bad to worse, from savage to lower savage, and your manifest destiny, at that rate of decadence, is the zero of humanity. But will you stop there, JONATHAN? If there is any truth in the theory of the "Origin of Species," there may be an inversion of the originating process, you know. Degeneration is as possible as development, and American citizens, if they go on raving, blaspheming, murdering, burning, and wreaking foul unmanly vengeance, may, after having passed through the phases of Indian North and East, Nigger, Bojesman and Earthman, arrive at a point below M. DU CHAILLU's Fans, who eat their own kinsfolk; JONATHAN cuts the throats of his already. The countrymen of WASHINGTON may decline into Gorillas, and the future Australian traveller who sketches the ruins of Faneuil Hall may find them infested with grinning and gibbering baboons whose ancestors were citizens of New York. Your manifest destiny, unless you return to reason, is all of you to be turned to apes with foreheads villanous low. You will be up a tree indeed, holding on with your feet as well as your hands, like the other quadrumana. Already, JONATHAN, you have morally subsided to the undermost moral level. Take care you don't physically degenerate into a Yahoo. Shall I then acknowledge that you are a man and a brother? Oh! Spare me the humiliation of having to admit that such a creature as that which you will become is any relation to

PUNCH.

Something Like a Menace.

AN Exhibitor at the Show, dissatisfied with the opinion expressed upon his property by the Jurors, put up a protest. The Commissioners immediately covered up his article in a canvas sack, and set a Sapper as sentinel to prevent its being taken off. Mr. PUNCH begs to say that he shall, for once, follow the example of the Commissioners, and if they manifest the slightest impertinence on account of his strictures upon their conduct, he will cover up the whole Exhibition with a sack, and set Toby as guard to prevent Mr. COLE, or anybody else, from taking it off. Now then!

A Distinction with a Difference.

A PARLIAMENTARY return has just been issued under the head of Income and Property Tax. This is as it should be. There is an Income-Tax and there is a Property-Tax. These two distinct taxes are too commonly confounded under the name of Income-Tax. They are, however, very different things. The Income-Tax is a tax on income consisting of the rent or interest of Property. The Property-Tax is a tax on the income which a person earns, and which constitutes the whole of his property.



TURNING THE TABLES; OR, A LITTLE SAUCE FOR THE GANDER.

Henrietta (who is joking, of course). "I'VE BEEN THINKING, DEAR CHARLES, THAT, AS YOU REQUIRE CHANGE, IT WOULD BE SO NICE FOR YOU TO GO DOWN WITH THE CHILDREN TO SOME QUIET PLACE AT THE SEA-SIDE, WHILE I AND MRS. FRED SPANKER WENT TO BADEN-BADEN FOR A FEW WEEKS—EH!" [This last being just what the wretch CHARLES has been proposing to himself and FRED SPANKER for the last month.

GREAT POLITICAL CRICKET MATCH.

PAM'S TEAM AGAINST THE AMALGAMATED DIZZYITES.

THIS exciting match has been commenced on the St. Stephen's ground, and up to the time of the drawing of the stumps it will be seen that PAM's team have clearly had the best of it. The veteran has indeed by far the stronger side, having pretty nearly had the pick of All England, by whom he has long been held as a prime favourite. When well warmed to his work there are few more slashing and hard hitters than old PAM, and he has shown himself this season more cautious in his play than it was formerly his wont to be.

DIZZY's underhand sneakers and insinuating twisters have proved of no avail against PAM's bold and forward batting; and while he has been ever ready to hit out, we think that all who have enjoyed an opportunity to judge of it must have much admired the skill and style of his defence. We were not at all surprised to find him, when the stumps were drawn, carrying out his bat: for the veteran is one of those who when they get well in are generally found by no means easy to put out.

On the whole, we think PAM's team have pretty fairly satisfied the hopes their captain formed of them: although he knows as well as any one that there are one or two uncommonly weak players still among them. Young PEEL is much too reckless to be trusted in a match, and, though he makes at times a fairly average good score, old WOOD is sadly clumsy and unscientific. LEWIS is a rather slow old-fashioned sort of player, still at some points we admit he is not without his merit: but COWPER is so generally unlucky (if we may not say, unskilful) in his play that his place might very easily be filled with some one better. Little JOHNNY RUSSELL is a good old steady player, and from his long experience he has of course acquired a thorough knowledge of the game; but we think, next to the captain, BILL GLADSTONE is decidedly the best man in the team, and though rather apt, like WESTBURY, to show a little temper, he must certainly be viewed as an uncommonly fine player, and one who very rarely will let slip a chance of scoring. Well knowing his weak point, DIZZY did his best last spring to aggravate

him with his "teasers;" but BILL was on his guard for them, and wisely took good care to keep within his ground, although certainly, we must admit, at first he seemed inclined to hit out rather wildly.

On the other side we find but little to commend, although we certainly admire the pluck that DIZZY has shown in playing what he knew would be a losing game to him. His tactics have however been a long way from first-rate, and on more than one occasion the absence of good generalship has proved of fatal damage to him. What could be more absurd than the putting on of WALPOLE as a bowler at old PAM, who of course made mincemeat of him the first over? Moreover, there must be something faulty in the captain, when a team are so unruly as the Dizzyites have shown themselves. To play well together, an eleven must have confidence in the captain who commands them. This confidence the Dizzyites have failed as yet to feel; and we therefore cannot wonder at their finding themselves beaten. By getting CORDEN on their side and another one or two of the Manchester Eleven, they doubtless made pretty sure of putting PAM's team out before the hour came for the drawing of the stumps. But though a clever bowler, and making a good contrast with his slows when he is put on as a change with DIZZY's sneakers, CORDEN is by no means now so powerful as he was, and certainly old PAM is not the player to be funkied by him.

It is understood that the match will be resumed next season, but unless DIZZY contrives to get his men more up to work, there seems very little hope of his doing any good with them. Their fielding is at present far from being at all first-rate: indeed so clumsy have they showed themselves in much that they have done, that one might really have imagined the AMALGAMATED DIZZYITES must have a close connection with that other team of cricketers, who have elected to be called the Amalgamated Duffers. As has before been stated, PAM carries out his bat with every chance of winning: indeed some of the members of the St. Stephens' club are quite willing to bet that the veteran will be reported as "Not Out" all next season.

MOTTO FOR THE FEDERAL PARTY.—"Routs Furnished."



DRAWING THE STUMPS.

CORDEN TO DIZZY. "CARRIES OUT HIS BAT? OF COURSE HE DOES! YOUR UNDERHAND BOWLING 'LL NEVER GET HIM OUT! I'LL SHOW YOU HOW TO DO IT NEXT INNINGS."

"THE HOUSE THAT FOWKE BUILT."

(Humbly suggested by Mr. Punch to the London Stereoscopic Company, as a subject for a series of views "to be sold in the building.")

This is the House that FOWKE built.¹

This is the Nave,
That ran through the House that FOWKE built.²

These are the Tro-phies,
That jammed the Nave,
That ran through the House that FOWKE built.³

These are the "O-fies!"
That greeted the Tro-phies,
That jammed the Nave,
That ran through the House that FOWKE built.⁴

This is Crinoline's closely-pent wave,
Dammed 'midst the "O-fies!"⁵
That greeted the Tro-phies,
That jammed the Nave,
That ran through the House that FOWKE built.⁶

These are Canute-Commissioners, hoping to brave
The onslaught of Crinoline's closely-pent wave,⁷
Dammed 'midst the "O-fies!"⁸
That greeted the Tro-phies,
That jammed the Nave,
That ran through the House that FOWKE built.

This is Mr. Punch, teaching how to behave?
The Canute-Commissioners, hoping to brave
The onslaught of Crinoline's closely-pent wave,
Dammed 'midst the "O-fies!"⁹
That greeted the Tro-phies,
That jammed the Nave,
That ran through the House that FOWKE built.

These are COLE's good intentions,¹⁰ a way meant to pave
To the favour of Punch, teaching how to behave
The Canute-Commissioners, hoping to brave
The onslaught of Crinoline's closely-pent wave,
Dammed 'midst the "O-fies!"¹¹
That greeted the Tro-phies,
That jammed the Nave,
That ran through the House that FOWKE built.

These are Exhibitors, forced "in" to "cave"¹²
To COLE's good intentions, a way meant to pave
To the favour of Punch, teaching how to behave
The Canute-Commissioners, hoping to brave
The onslaught of Crinoline's closely-pent wave,
Dammed 'midst the "O-fies!"¹³
That greeted the Tro-phies,
That jammed the Nave,
That ran through the House that FOWKE built.

These are KELK and LUCAS,¹⁴ to make a clean shave
Of the work of Exhibitors, forced "in" to "cave"¹⁵
To COLE's good intentions, a way meant to pave
To the favour of Punch, teaching how to behave
The Canute-Commissioners, hoping to brave

The onslaught of Crinoline's closely-pent wave,
Dammed 'midst the "O-fies!"¹⁶
That greeted the Tro-phies,
That jammed the Nave,
That ran through the House that FOWKE built.

This is the MAYNE-force,¹⁷ that takes up its stave
To help KELK and LUCAS, to make a clean shave
Of the work of Exhibitors, forced "in" to "cave"¹⁸
To COLE's good intentions, a way meant to pave
To the favour of Punch, teaching how to behave
The Canute-Commissioners, hoping to brave
The onslaught of Crinoline's closely-pent wave,
Dammed 'midst the "O-fies!"¹⁹
That greeted the Tro-phies,
That jammed up the Nave,
That ran through the House that FOWKE built.

¹⁷ The "Mayne-force" may be represented at the will of the L. S. C. either allegorically, as MEWELLS has introduced *Bia* and *Keavee* in his *Prometheus*, or, embodied in the Blue and Bluechers of Policeman X. If any attempt is made to set their staves to music it may be to the well-known air of "*Rou-de-dou*," or "*Cremer, lie down*,"—an adaptation of the "*Croppies, lie down*" of Irish rebellion popularity.

THE CAB CONSPIRACY.

GARIBALDI may please himself in Sicily, JEFF. DAVIS may go on licking the North, and the Montenegrins may continue to announce that they kill eleven thousand Turks every day. We have business at home, and had better mind it. The Cabmen of London menace insurrection.

There is no time to inquire into the origin of their disaffection, but it dates from the time when their Glorious Three Days of strike produced the tyrannical Act of Parliament which compels them to be tolerably honest and civil, except when their fares are women, strangers, or other unprotected persons. The foul wrong which placed means of redress within the reach of any person who has plenty of nerve and perseverance, and a week to throw away, has rankled in the minds of the Cabmen, and the exaltation into which they have been thrown by the plunder which they have made this Exhibition year, has brought them to exploding point. They now announce, in fiery placards, headed "Awake, arise, or be for ever fallen," that they are resolved and united, and that they are about to make a great demonstration in favour of their right to commit highway robbery.

When cab men conspire, good men must combine.

They announce that they are going to meet, several thousands strong, in Exeter Hall, and that on the day of their meeting, no Cab shall be brought out after twelve o'clock. They say, in print, that they wish "to give the public a notion of the inconvenience of having no cabs."

What the innocent public has done to deserve that the whole business and pleasure of a great city should be stopped, in order to promote the interests of the pockets of any set of men, is not worth discussing. We are told that on this day of the Exeter Hall meeting, we shall not go to railways, theatres, or friends' houses, that if a physician is wanted in haste there shall be no means of getting at him, that a child shall not be able to hasten to its dying parent, and that the most important business journey shall be rendered impossible. And all this that Cabby may be able to cheat in future to a larger extent, and with impunity.

Mr. Punch has a recollection that when the Cab Act was passed, a clause was proposed for dealing rather summarily with any such demonstration as the strike that brought on legislation. He has not the Act at hand, and forgets whether the clause was inserted; but the HOME SECRETARY for the time certainly said in committee that any repetition of the strike would be in the nature of a conspiracy, and punishable accordingly.

Be this as it may, the licensing authorities have the matter pretty much in their own hands. If the cabmen want the Law altered, the same means are open to them that are employed by her Majesty's other subjects for obtaining a revision of the law. But if they proceed to conspiracy and coercion, they should be made to comprehend that the law of cabs is made for the benefit of three millions of Londoners, not for that of three thousand drivers.

Suppose Somerset House announces that the licence of every Cabman who strikes, as threat-n-d, shall be, *ipso facto*, cancelled.

Doubtless there will be some inconvenience to the public for some time. But we shall be relieved, at once and for the future, from a system of extortion and ruffianism, new vehicles and new drivers (there are thousands to be found at short notice) will be placed upon the ranks, and London, whose cab system is a disgrace to us, as Manchester, Paris, Liverpool, Glasgow, and Birmingham tauntingly tell us, will be the ultimate gainer.

We will hear the Cabman, if he speaks reasonably and respectfully, and if he can show a real grievance, we will aid him in getting it redressed. But if he is inclined to try with the public *en masse* the tactics he tries, when he dares, with individuals, we will trouble him, not for his ticket, but for his licence.

¹ Here a view of the International Exhibition Building in all its ugliness.

² Here a view of the Nave in its nakedness.

³ Here a view of the Nave in all the deformity of its trophies—(pronounce trophies to rhyme to "guys.")

⁴ How the "O-fies" are to be represented, Punch leaves to the L. S. C., only promising it must not be by notes of admiration.

⁵ Perhaps Mr. SPANFIELD, Mr. E. W. COOKE, or Mr. HOOK, those eminent sea-painters, will furnish a design for the terrible subject of the closely-pent sea of Crinoline in a storm.

⁶ Here a design of Sir W. DILKS, on the throne as GAWDYS, surrounded by the other Royal Commissioners as courtiers, commanding the sea of Crinoline to stand still.

⁷ Mr. Punch will be happy to sit to the L. S. C. for this picture, but objects to being "sold in the building," having been sold in the building already, but not to the profit of the Royal Commissioners.

⁸ How to represent Mr. COLE's good intentions is a problem we leave to the L. S. C. Only let them make the said intentions large enough, and be sure to tint them *couleur de rose*.

⁹ "Caving in" is a Yankeeism for coming down by the run, for which Mr. Punch asks pardon. Mr. CREEPER, if applied to, will no doubt stand for an Exhibitor "caving in," and will allow his toy trophy to come down by the run for the benefit of the Company.

¹⁰ KELK and LUCAS. "*Arrendes embo*," the two pillars of the Exhibition will, it is hoped, stand, and stand firmly, for this design. They might be represented as the Siamese twins, united by a brace-girdle, or if practicable apart, perched each on the pinnacle of one of FOWKE's domes, and taking the best sight of each other that the distance admits.



INFANT TERRIBLE. "Are you tummin to our Party to-night, Mr. Borus Hall?"

MAMMA (with ill-concealed anguish, and most unmaternal feelings towards the Infant). "Oh! yes, by the bye; I—a—really quite forgot! Will you come and Spend the Evening with us, if you are not—a—Better Engaged?"

[Of course the wretch is "only too delighted," and would "throw over any engagement."

WAR TO THE WIFE AND CHILDREN!

THE principal merchants and lawyers of New York, assembled in a sort of caucus, have passed a string of resolutions, of which this is one:—

"Resolved—That every day's delay complicates our relations both foreign and domestic, gives the rebels strength, and is wasting hundreds of good and true men; and it is far better that every rebel should perish than that one more loyal soldier should die."

For that reason it is but logical to resolve that the most prompt and expeditious steps ought to be taken to preclude the death of any one more Federal soldier by effecting the entire extermination of every Confederate. From the premises above stated, accordingly, is deduced the following conclusion:—

"And therefore it is that we, with entire unanimity, most respectfully and most earnestly call upon the President to act in his capacity as Commander-in-Chief of the Army and Navy of the United States, and immediately issue the order which will take from the rebels their great source of strength, while it will diminish their army, by calling to the defence of their homes large numbers of rebel officers and men."

That is to say, they call upon the President to decree the emancipation, and excite an insurrection, of the negroes. To carry the war into the enemy's camp is bold generalship, but the foregoing invocation demands something bolder. It is a request for carrying the war into the enemy's parlour, the enemy's drawing-room, the enemy's boudoir, GENERAL BUTLER, of course, would be the fittest leader of those black bands, the alarm of whose rising would call the "rebel" forces "to the defence of their homes." It would be a service of danger to the gallant General, however, for he might get taken prisoner, and fall into the hands of the exasperated Southern ladies—in which case who can tell what might not happen to him?

The Yankees who propose to rouse the Southern blacks to mutiny and massacre, and Sepoy invasion of the domestic sanctuary, are described as including "all the leading men in the commercial and legal commu-

THAMES ELEGANCE.

WE perceive that a new Company called the Thames Express Steam Boat Company is launched, with a highly respectable-looking list of directors. Mr. Punch wants to know more about this project. He learns that the boats are to be of a high class, so he concludes that it is intended to make Thames steamboating genteel. In this case he would like to see the rules. He hopes that the passengers will all be expected to appear in elegant though careless morning dress, that the best cigars, only, will be allowed to be smoked, that no volunteered music, (and especially none of those filthy and impudent Ethiopians who are allowed to infest the existing boats) will be allowed, but that professional vocalists from the operas will be engaged; that the engine-smoke will be self-consumed, that the captains will be manly but graceful officers, and that all the little boys will be accustomed to the use of a pocket handkerchief. Further, the genteel boats must stop at no low places, but must have exclusive landing piers, with lighted tunnels leading into respectable neighbourhoods. Also, credit for fares must be given, or at least there must be subscription tickets, for the payment of ready money is revolting to a refined nature. If attention be paid to these, and a few other points, and the Thames is properly cleansed and embanked, river navigation may be once more possible to Mr. Punch and the rest of the aristocracy.

WHAT'S TO BE OUR NEXT TROUBLE?

"DEAR MR. PUNCH,

"THIS Cotton Famine do worrit me so, you can't think. What, ever, shall we do for Calico? How much a yard will it be like to come to? There's always a something—some trouble or other with our good-for-nothing Foreign Relations. Botheration on botheration! Now 'tis the Cotton Famine along of them Yankees. Next I suppose there'll be another rumpus in China, and then perhaps we shall have a Tea Famine. 'Tis dreadful to think of. Ah, drat 'em altogether! Why can't they live in peace and quietness, instead of fighting and quarrelling and destroying one another and the comfort of a poor old woman like me?"

"MARTHA CADDY."

HOWEVER, BETTER LATE THAN NEVER.—What would you call the Government's detention of the Delhi Prize Money? Extremely Delhi-tory.

nities of New York." It is surprising that such persons should be inflamed with a loyalty so enthusiastic as to smother every other human feeling, except devotion towards the Almighty Dollar, which is doubtless an equally powerful motive impelling them to exhort others to fight for them in order to maintain the Union, and consequently the Tariff whereby they desire and expect to thrive at the expense of the South. But Southern loyalty is as staunch as their own, although not so truculent and atrocious. Why call their antagonists names? Why term them "rebels?" The Confederates are as loyal to JEFF. DAVIS as the forefathers of the Federals were to WASHINGTON. The principal Yankees of New York, indeed, may consider, for their own part, that the perdition of every individual in the Southern States is preferable to the decease of one of their own mercenaries. This sentiment they expect will be endorsed by "the whole civilised world." They seem to have formed very peculiar ideas of civilisation. The whole civilised world will only wish that it could buy such highly self-appraising people at a just valuation, and sell them at their own.

A European Operation.

A DISTINGUISHED Surgeon has urgently advised LOUIS NAPOLEON immediately to withdraw the French army from Rome, on the ground that it excites that inflammation in Italy which is necessarily produced by the presence, in any important part, of a foreign body.

THE GREATEST MAN OF HIS DAY.

IT is said that there is nothing new under the sun, but CAPTAIN FOWKE happily enables us to put an end to that monotonous saying, for there is no denying that to him belongs the rare merit of being, (as proved by the International Exhibition,) the dish-cover-er of a new style of architecture.



LIGHT INFANTRY DRILL.—STANDING EASY.

FIRST BYSTANDER. "Fine body o' Young Men, Sir!"

SECOND DITTO (Horsey Ignoramus). "Um, sprung t' the off fore-leg, though, most o' 'em, seemin'ly."

THE MARRIAGE MOVEMENT AMONG THE PRIESTS.

THE old saying, that when the cat is away the mice will play, is pleasantly verified by the facts recorded in the subjoined extracts from a news-letter dated at Rome:—

"A correspondent of the *Osservatore Romano*, writing from Bologna, announces the marriage of a priest, named ANTONIO GIOVANNETTI, with a lady named DOMENICA CAPANNI. The witnesses were a DR. ZANI and an ex-monk, now a heretic, named POMPEO ROSSI. The correspondent observes that the last act in apostasy, as in comedies and farces, is always a marriage.

"Certainly there are individuals to be found in every class who are eager to take advantage of the new state of things in Italy, and the change could not be more strongly marked than by the public marriage of a priest in the quondam dominions of his Holiness, or the public preaching of Protestant doctrines in the heart of Naples, as is now the case every evening in a palace in the Toledo, near the Largo della Carità."

According to a vulgar British adage, matrimony and hanging go by destiny. What led the artificer who made that saw to connect matrimony with capital punishment it is difficult to imagine, unless it was the hazy discernment of a certain analogy between a wedding and an execution; the hymeneal knot and the hangman's noose: the altar and the halter.

The correspondent of the *Osservatore Romano*, for his part, associates marriage with apostasy in a remark which is unintelligible further than as apparently intended for a sneer. It is a wonder that so satirical a personage neglected to interpolate an additional π into the name of DR. ZANI for the sake of making a sarcastic remark on the curious coincidence by which the marriage of a priest happened to be attested by an ex-monk now a heretic, and a *zanni* or zany.

Many priests have petitioned the POPE to let them marry. He refuses. Hence Protestantism and marriage are evidently going together, at a rapid rate, in the former dominions of the POPE and those of his friend BOMBA. We see that, no sooner is the Papal and Bourbonic pressure removed, than priests marry and are given in marriage, and preach the Gospel. In France also an ecclesiastic, M. L'ABBE

BROU DE LAURIÈRE, has successfully asserted his right as a French citizen, though a priest, to take to wife MADEMOISELLE ELIZABETH DE FRESSANGES. Happiness to their bolster! His Holiness would do a deep thing in sacrificing an absurdity, which is not a dogma, to common sense. The celibacy of the clergy is only a point of discipline, and of discipline not particularly conducive to morality. Why does he not decree the abolition of enforced clerical bachelorhood? It would be a splendid *coup d'Eglise*. He has made many a bull, but this would be no blunder, no mistake. This would be a much brighter idea than that of the Immaculate Conception. What a lot of both religious and political capital the Holy Father might make out of that easy concession of practice, not principle, to Christian liberty! By compounding for superstition with human nature he might long retard the dry-rot of the chair which he calls St. Peter's. But no. He will not throw an empty tub out of the bark of PETER, albeit for the sake of catching a whale, or even of preventing the whale from upsetting the vessel. He is asked to let his clergy marry. He cannot say *Non Possumus* to this reasonable demand; but like an obstinate and unwise old gentleman he replies *Non Vultumus*. How much more worthy of a Holy if not a Heavy Father to tell the priest who wants a wife, "There, take her and be happy," and give the couple an apostolical benediction in the words "Bless ye, my children!"

Nobody can foresee what is possible or impossible. There is no knowing where the marriage-movement in the popish priesthood will end. A future Pontiff will perhaps sanction sacerdotal matrimony, and then what will there be to hinder him from taking the benefit of his own act? Then the POPE will indeed lead a happy life, with his lawful lady at the head of his table, children climbing his paternal knee, and a nursery somewhere at the top of the Vatican. Then will his Holiness the POPE be a Papa indeed.

LATEST FROM WASHINGTON.

GENERAL HALLECK is to assume supreme command of the Federal Armies, under the title of "Hallecksander the Great."

AN AMERICAN LYRIC.

THE American organ in London (we don't mean the *London American*, Northern, or the *Index*, Southern Journal) has re-printed some verses which it says are by MR. BRYANT, the poet. We rather hope that it is misinformed. MR. BRYANT has written so many admirable things that he can afford to write a few of another kind, but we hate to see a really clever man make a mistake. However, MR. BRYANT's or not, here they are, and we don't like them.

TO ABRAHAM LINCOLN,

On his Demand for 300,000 men.

We're coming, Father ABRAAM, we're coming all along,
But don't you think you're coming it yourself a little strong?
Three hundred thousand might be called a pretty tidy figure,
We've nearly sent you white enough, why don't you take the nigger?

Consider, Father ABRAAM, and give the thing a thought,
This war has just attained four times the longitude it ought;
And all the bills at Ninety Days as you have draw'd so free,
Have been dishonoured, ABRAAM, as punctual as could be.

We've fought, old Father ABRAAM, and fought uncommon bold,
And gained amazing victories, or so at least we're told;
And having whipped the rebels for a twelvemonth and a day,
We nearly found 'em liquoring in Washington in May.

Now, really, Father ABRAAM, this here's the extra ounce,
And we are almost sick, you see, of such almighty bounce;
We ain't afraid of being killed at proper times and seasons,
But it's aggravating to be killed for MAC's strategic reasons.

If you'd be so obliging, Father ABRAAM, as to write
To any foreign potentate, and put the thing polite,
And make him loan a General as knows the way to lead,
We'd come and list. Jerusalem and snakes! we would indeed.

But as the matter stands, Old ABE, we've this opinion, some,
If you say Come, as citizens of course we're bound to come,
But then we want to win, you see; if Strategy prevents,
We wish you'd use the nigger for these here experiments.

Hereditary bondsman, he should just be made to know
He'd convenience us uncommon if he'd take and strike a blow.
The man as will not fight for freedom isn't worth a cuss,
And it's better using niggers up than citizens like us.

So, Father ABRAAM, if you please, in this here game of chess,
You'd better take the black men against the white, I guess,
And if you work the niggers off before Rebellion's slain,
Which surely ain't expectable,—apply to us again.

OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.

THERE is an old saying to the effect that extremes meet, and it is certain that rencontre takes place in the International Exhibition. When JOHN BULL is tired of his machinery he rushes off to the gallery of pictures. With a patriotism which I do not care to disavow, I inspected our own collection first. True there are hundreds of works here which we have seen before, but who can say they have less interest on that account? Why are *Norma* and *La Sonnambula* and *Don Giovanni*, and *Il Barbiere* sure of drawing houses? Because we know their music by heart: because *Al perche* is the same plaintiff appeal that we heard twenty years ago, and when *Figaro* begins his *tol de rol*ing we recognise an old friend. LESLIE, LANDSEER, HUNT, and MILLAIS have long been favourites of the British public, and our eyes return again and again to their canvas with pleasure. Here is "*Sancho Panza*" the friend of our youth, and there is good "*Sir Roger on his way to Church*." We are in "*Bolton Abbey*" feasting prospectively on savoury venison, or "*Shooting deer in the forest of Glenorchy*." Seven years have not robbed "*Autumn Leaves*" of their luscious colour, and our "*Apple Blossoms*" are still in flower. In the corner there is a little crowd which is eager, but does not jostle, which admires, but in no noisy mood, for we are standing before "*The Light of the World*," perhaps the most famous picture of our school in Sacred Art.

But there are two names in our Fine Art Catalogue, the fame of which is not confined to England or to Europe—two men who will be remembered as long as the limner's art exists. HOGARTH and REYNOLDS died before the age of Exhibitions, but their works would be an acquisition to any gallery in the Universe. Between the stern satire in the "*Marriage à la Mode*" and the charming simplicity in the "*Age of Innocence*," there is a great hiatus; but how wonderfully true to

nature is each in its way. HOGARTH taught Englishmen how to paint, and, let us hope, how to live with honesty. REYNOLDS first showed us how our women and children might be admired, without being deified, on canvas.

Look at the incidents in HOGARTH's "*Strolling Actresses*," the truth, the fun, the humanity of the picture. The pretty tragedian to the left learning her part, and the vixen to whose caresses even pussy will not submit. There is another lady anointing her hair with a tallow candle before a broken glass, while she clutches the flour dredger to complete her toilet. There is Cupid mounting a ladder to get a pair of stockings, and here is the scaly dragon feeding a baby (St. George's?) with a pap-spoon. Such scenes have passed from among us now. Even RICHARDSON is on the wane, and hair powder only lingers on the heads of lacqueys; but as we look at this picture, we feel it is no made-up subject, no hacknied composition; and we sympathise with the sturdy little painter and his contempt for the grand school, when he struck out in a line of his own, even if it were not that line of beauty of which he fondly prated.

Oh, that our modern portrait painters would take a hint from good SIR JOSHUA, who when he had to paint a lady, did not forget that she was a woman and not a milliner's doll! Here is the DUCHESS OF DEVON with her baby romping and crowing on her knee; and the first thing we learn about her is, not that she wears a coronet, but that she is a mother. That is what I call a portrait; and with some few exceptions, we have not limned the like since 1792.



M'CLELLAN CUNCTATOR.

By one of REUTER's Telegrams from New York we are informed that—

"The popular confidence in GENERAL M'CLELLAN appears shaken by the late events before Richmond, and many of his admirers now assert that he is not the man of action."

None but the admirers of M'CLELLAN, however, could, we should think, make that assertion. M'CLELLAN was for a long time a man of inaction; but he has now gone into action only too often. Fighting is action and running away is action, and M'CLELLAN has both fought and run away. It is absurd to say that a general who executes a strategic movement is not a man of action, although the action is that of retreating. Whilst GENERAL M'CLELLAN remained inactive, his countrymen called him the young NAPOLEON, in anticipation of the victories which he had not achieved. They would have had better reason for calling him the young FABIVS; but events have shown that the latter name is as inapplicable to him as the former. It has not been the lot of M'CLELLAN "to win like FABIVS by delay;" for the cunctation of M'CLELLAN CUNCTATOR has ended in a stampede on the Chickahominy.

"Muggy Weather."

To most persons this particular kind of weather is most oppressive, not fit to do anything upon, but a photographer takes a very different view of it. He calls that weather "muggy" which is the best adapted for taking a person's "mug."

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RACE AND FIELD GLASSES.
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HOLLOWAY'S OINTMENT

readily improves the aspect of scrofulous, humors, boils, and inflamed wounds. But its most inestimable effects appear after a few drawings.

MR. JOHN LEECH'S GALLERY OF SKETCHES IN OIL.

FROM SUBJECTS IN "PUNCH."
EXHIBITING AT THE EGYPTIAN HALL, PICCADILLY.

1 A PROLIC HOME AFTER A BLANK DAY.
2 MR. JORROCKS (log).—"Come hup! I say—you ugly beast!"

3 THE MERMAIDS' HAUNT.
4 A CAVALIER, 1860.—*Adolphus*.—"Now, girls!—If you're game for a ride on the sands—I'm your man."

5 BATHING WOMAN.—"Teach yer to swim? Lor' bless yer, my love, why of course I can!"

6 A NICE BRACING DAY AT THE SEA-SIDE.

7 INDIGNANT MASTER OF HOUNDS.—"Now, you Sir! mind the hound! He's worth forty times as much as your horse."

8 THE Reader is requested to observe, that the Lower Extremities represented above do not belong to the Fair Damsel on the Plank, but to the Boatman beyond, upon whose shoulder she is leaning.—We, however, recommend Flora to be more careful how she composes herself the next time she gets out of a boat.

9 DIVISION OF LABOUR.—*Sportsman* (in *Standing Beans*).—"Where to, now, Jack?"—*Jack*.—"Well! let's see! I should just go up the beans again, and across the top end, beat down the other side and round by the bottom. While you're there, get over and try old Haycock's standing oats—he won't mind—I'll stop her and mark!"

10 LATEST FROM PARIS.—*Beautiful Being*.—"Well, I must say, Parker, that I like the hair dressing à l'Impératrice. It shows so much of the face."

11 NONE BUT THE BRAVE DESERVE THE FAIR.—*Adolphus*.—"Now I've got you!"

12 THE OPERA.—*Lizzy*.—"Good gracious, Solina, look there! There's that ridiculous little man again. Did you ever see anything so absurd?"

13 *Bussy*.—"Ah! There she is, bless her! and looking this way too. Oh! it's as clear as possible she has taken a fancy to me!"

14 YES, MY DEARS! I know the sea-breeze after bathing is beneficial to the back hair;—but consider the heart of your too susceptible Funch!

15 A DELICATE COMPLIMENT.—*First Whip* (who is a little ruffled because the Fox won't break).—"Now, then, Sir! Out o' the way, unless you'll get into the cover. Mayhap your ugly mug might frighten him out. Come up, one!"

16 ENTER MR. BOTTLES, THE BUTLER.—*Master Fred*.—"There! that's capital! Stand still, Bottle, and I'll show you how the Chinese do the knife-trick at the play." [Bottles is much interested.]

17 OLD DIPB declares they manage sea-bathing better in France, and that when he is at Bo-long, he does as Bo-long does—well! that's a matter of taste!

18 PUTTING HIS FOOT IN IT.—*Little Hairdresser* (mildly).—"Yer air's a very thin on the top, Sir." *Gentleman* (of un-governable temper).—"My hair thin on the top, Sir? and what if it is! Confound you, you puffy, do you think I came here to be insulted and told of my personal defects? I'll thin your top!"

19 RUGGLES.—"Hold hard, Master George. It's too wide and uncommon deep."—*Master George*.—"All right, Ruggles! We can both swim!"

20 AQUATICS.—Who is this? Why this is Mr. John Chubb pulling one of his long, slow, steady strokes. He's taking more pains than usual, because those pretty girls in the round hats are sitting on the lawn drawing from nature.—And

21 HERE ARE THE GIRLS IN THE ROUND HATS.

22 WHERE THERE'S A WILL THERE'S A WAY.—*Fox-hunting Doctor*.—"Not be in time! Oh, nonsense! Send my horse on,—see my patients early,—dress in the brougham,—there I am!" (and we hope he may have a good race.)

23 We have been obliged to take the side of the carriage out, which perhaps the kind reader will excuse.

24 SHOCKING RESULT OF WEARING INDIAN RUBBER GLOVES ON THE SANDS.—*Young Jack Robinson* sees what he imagines to be the impression of his darling's foot—he mentally ejaculates.—"Bottle-Crusher," by Jove!—and flies to other climes.

25 A vulgar and disgusting expression, implying that a foot is big enough, and flat enough, to kill the beetle. The brutality of connecting in any way such words with the feminine Tootsiana, needs no comment.

26 MR. WIGGINS has a fine opportunity of displaying his politeness and activity.

26 A SHOCKING YOUNG LADY, INDEED!—*Emily* (betrayed to Charles).—"Oh, Charles, isn't it fun? I've beaten Arthur and Julia, and I've broke Aunt Sally's Nose seven times!"

27 A FRIENDLY MOUNT.—*Party* (whose nerve is not what it used to be).—"You are quite sure, Charles, that he's temperate!"—*Charles*.—"Oh, yes! come along! Do you think I should let you ride him if he wasn't? Why you might kill the horse!"

28 *Nervous Party* is much flattered by the consideration of Friend Jones tries his new back, which is as quiet as a lamb—just about.

29 SCENE AT SANDBATH.—The Female Blondin outdone! Grand Morning Performance on the Narrow Plank by the Darling.

30 COUNTRY RACES.—Gentlemen Riders, who are so like Professional Jocks, you can hardly tell the difference!

31 WHILE THEY ARE AT SCARBOROUGH, Paterfamilias thinks his little ones ought to lose no opportunity of drinking the waters!

32 THE BEST PREVENTIVE AGAINST SEA-SICKNESS.—Once on board, fix your eyes upon some distant object, and adapt the movement of your body to the rolling of the vessel.

33 A DELICIOUS SAIL—OFF DOVER.—*Old Lady*.—"Goodness gracious, Mr. Boatman! what's that?" *Stolid Boatman*.—"That, mum! Nothin, mum. Only the artillery practice, and that's one o' the cannon-balls what's just struck the water!"

34 MARRIED FOR MONEY.—THE HONEYMOON.—"Now, then, darling, put away your paper, and we'll have a nice long walk, and then come back to tea in our own little cottage, and be as happy as two little birds!" said the fair bride.—"Oh! hang it!" mentally ejaculated the Captain.

35 THE FAIR TOXOPHILITES.—*Constance*.—"Oh, mamma! I'm so delighted. I have just made the best gold, and won the beautiful bracelet given by Captain Rifles."—*Lacy* (disappointed).—"Well, Constance, I think you had better not say much about it. You know it was a fluke; for you told me you always shot with your eyes shut, as you feel so very nervous!"

36 GONE AWAY!—*Old Coachman*.—"Now, Miss Ellen! Miss Ellen! You know what your Pa said! You was to take the greatest care of Joey!"—*Miss Ellen*.—"So I will, Robert! and that's why I am taking him off the nasty hard road, poor thing!"

37 SEA-SIDE.—The bathing hour.

38 THE NOBLE SCIENCE.—Tomkins and his friend (who have been thrown out) congratulate themselves on falling in with the Squire's second horseman, who is sure to bring them by a line of gates to the hounds again—and so he does, only—the last of the gates is locked, and over which he "hops like a bird!"

39 MR. FEEWIT has a little addition to his family—he is obliged to get his meals anywhere—and—

40 Abdicates in favour of the real master of the house.

41 A NICE GAME FOR TWO OR MORE.—"Fixing her eyes on his, and placing her pretty little foot on the ball, she said, 'Now, then, I am going to Croquet you!' and Croquet'd he was completely." (From *Rose to Emily*.)

42 COMMON OBJECTS AT THE SEA-SIDE.—Generally found upon the rocks at low water.

43 DOING IT THOROUGHLY.—*Old Gen*.—"I say, my little man, you should always hold your pony together going up hill, and over ploughed land!"—*Young Nimrod*.—"All right, old cock! I don't you teach your grandmother to suck eggs! There's my man by the hay-stack with my second horse!"

44 THE ROUND HAT, LADEN WITH NOVELS, IN A STORM.—*Ancient Mariner*.—"Hold on a bit, Miss—I'll tow you off!—You should never carry so much sail in a squall!"

45 RATHER AWKWARD FOR TOMKINS.—*Young Diana*.—"I think, Sir, if you would be so good as to go first, and break the top rail, my pony would get over."

46 OUR FRIEND TOM NODDY has a day with the Brookside Harriers.—With his usual prudence he gets a horse accustomed to the hills!

47 PARTY (who of course doesn't think himself good looking).—"Really, Clara, I can't think how you can make a pet of such an ugly brute as an Isle of Skye terrier!"

48 THE RACE FOR A BATHING MACHINE.—*Alice first*, *Clara second*, *Miss Toddles* a bad third; and the rest nowhere!

49 CUPID AT SEA.—*Angelina* (to *Edwin*, whose only chance is perfect tranquillity).—"Edwin, dear! If you love me, go down into the cabin, and fetch me my scent-bottle, and another shawl to put over my feet!"

[*Edwin's sensations are more easily imagined than described.*]

50 AQUATICS.—A COMFORTABLE RAN-DAN.—*Jolly Young Waterman*.—"Hello! Hi! Police! Back water, Jack! We've got into a nest of Swans, and they're a pitchin' into me."

51 THE GOOD LITTLE BOY.—*Bathing Woman*.—"Master Franky wouldn't cry! no! not he!—He'll come to his Martha, and bathe like a man!"

52 LITTLE GENT.—"Mornin', my Lord!—Glad to see you out again!—What I like about fox-hunting is, that it improves the breed of 'orses—and brings people together as wouldn't otherwise meet!"

53 MISS MATILDA.—"Go on, Fido!—There's one great drawback to these hats—they make one look like every body else." (Amen!)

54 A SKETCH AT RAMSGATE.—*Ellen* (who loses a job at Aunt Fidget's expense).—"Good gracious, Aunt, there are two officers!"—*Aunt Fidget* (a short-sighted lady).—"Eh! me, so there are! Well; they may be officers, but they are not gentlemen, I'm sure, or they wouldn't stand looking at us in that impudent manner."

55 IRRITABLE GENTLEMAN DISTURBED BY BLUE-BOTTLE.

56 A CAPITAL FINISH.—*Excited but rather behind-hand Party*.—"Now then, my man, have you seen 'em? Which way have they gone?"—*Man*.—"All right, Sir! They've done 'ere. Fox an' 'ounds is just run into the 'Inland School!"

57 THE OLD FOXHUNTER.—*Flora*.—"Well, Ronald! and how do you like Rotten Row?"—*Ronald*.—"Oh, pretty well; but it's rather slow work to a man who has been accustomed to go across country as I have all my life!"

58 MR. BRIGGS, having become an adept in the art of haw-taming, operates upon a colt he has bred himself, and—

59 With complete success.

60 A JUDGE BY APPEARANCE.—*Bathing Guide*.—"Bless 'is 'art! I know'd he'd take it kindly—by the werry look on 'im!"

61 MORE NOVELTY.—The Misses Wensel think crinolines a preposterous and extravagant invention, and appear at Mrs. Roundabout's party in a simple and elegant attire.

62 NOT A BAD IDEA FOR WARM WEATHER.—*Frederick*.—"Now Girls, pull away—don't be idle!"

63 "DON'T MOVE THERE, WE SHALL CLEAR YOU!"

64 PATIENCE REWARDED.—*Fiscator*.—"A-hah! Got you at last, have I?—And a fine week's trouble I've had to catch you!"

65 IT'S THE EARLY BIRD THAT PICKS UP THE WORK.—*Fiscator*.—"There, Thomas, you now see the advantage of early rising. I have got the very best place on the water, and I'll be bound to say the other subscribers are not out of bed yet!"

66 FOR A COLD IN THE HEAD there is nothing like a steam bath, and this can be had in your own bed-room with the greatest ease—

67 You have only to take care that you manage the apparatus properly.

68 GORGEOUS SPECTACLE.—*Servant Jane*.—"Oh, Betsey, come 'ere, and bring Hilda! We can see the 'oofs of the 'orses!"

69 A BRILLIANT IDEA.—*Matilda*.—"Oh, look ye, Tom! S'pose we play at your being the big footman, and me and Lizerbuth'll be the fine ladies in the carriage!"

70 TABLEAU, representing a young gentleman who fancies he is alone by the "Sad Sea Wave." He takes the opportunity of going through the last scene of "Lucia."

[N.B. The Young Gentleman's voice (which we imagine to be like MARIO'S) is of the most feeble and uncertain quality.]

71 A WEIGHTY MATTER.—*Frederick* (a very big boy).—"That's a niceish pony of yours, Charley.—By the bye, how heavy are you?"—*Charley*.—"Well, within a pound of three stone, I'm sorry to say."—*Frederick*.—"Oh! I call that a nice weight. Now, I'm obliged to have very expensive ponies; for, with saddle and bridle, I don't ride less than one stone two!"

72 A VERY GREAT MAN.—"Now, Collins, you must go out very deep, for I want to take a 'header.'"

From "ALL THE YEAR ROUND," July 5, 1862.

"This gallery is certainly a delightful lounge. One can look at Mr. LEECH'S drawings here, without even the trouble of holding up the book or turning over the leaves. You can take up your position on one of the ottomans before two or three of your especial favourites, and enjoy them either alone, or still better, with a friend who thoroughly understands the merits of this admirable artist. For, one of Mr. LEECH'S most extraordinary qualities is, that he appears in turn to almost every class. Men of the keenest wit and of the highest intellectual attainments are delighted by his sketches, and so is the errand clerk who sees them (it is a merciful provision) through the shop windows. Long may Mr. LEECH'S poorer admirers enjoy that gratuitous opportunity of enjoying his works. Long may those whose moderate means will enable them to do so, go in and buy. And often hereafter may we, who are ready to come down with our shillings, be able to get, in exchange for them, a sight of more of those brilliant sketches fresh from the hand of one of the most fertile of our English humorists, and one of the most remarkable artists of our school and day!"

From "THE TIMES," June 21, 1862.

"If a hundredth part of the people who have enjoyed this kindly satirist's works as they have appeared in *Punch* week by week; if the 'swells' who have laughed at the presentations of their brother swells; if the sporting men, the dancing men, the yachting men and their amiable female companions; if all the boys at school who recognise pictures of other boys at other schools; if the Misses with those beautiful large eyes, full forms, flowing ringlets, and charming boots; if the brave old squires and country gentlemen whom Mr. LEECH delights to depict at their firesides over their dessert with their mazy grandchildren, or in the hunting-field with their horses and hounds, are minded to come and see their own portraits, what crowds will flock once more to that room, now so changed, in the Egyptian Hall, in Piccadilly, where poor ALBERT SMITH was wont to administer to the gaiety of nations!"

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